

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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'There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature.'

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NUMBER 6.

POETRY.

Very Love.

[A. G. Benson, in Spectator.]

Who'er hath wept one tear or borne one pain
(The master said, and entered into rest),
Not fearing wrath, nor meaning to be blest,
Simply for love, howbeit wrought in vain,
Of one poor soul, his brother, being old,
Or sick, or lost through satisfied desire,
Stands in God's vestibule, and hears his choir
Make merry music on their harps of gold.

What is it but the deed of very love
To teach sad eyes to smile, mute lips to move?
And he, that for a score of centuries
Hath lived, and called a continent his own,
Giving world-weary souls heaven's best surprise,
Hails only at the threshold of the throne.

KNOWLEDGE.

O, scholar striving late and rising early—

E'en now, I trow
The little child who died ere dawn this morning,
Knows more than thou.
It is not death, that's darkness, dread, unfathom-
ed.

Life is the mystery.
O, student to all problems past thy solving,
Death holds the key.

STORY TELLER.

TOM DOLSER.

The richest people are not always the happiest, but on the last day of December of a year that need not be designated by its calendar number, the most joyous heart in the little manufacturing city of Thornton, was Mrs. Alice Arthray, wife of the owner of the great Arthray mill. Although she had passed her fortieth birthday, she would not have exchanged places with the prettiest girl in the city, of which, when she and Thornton were twenty years younger, she had been, though poor and simple, the reigning belle. Good health, a clear conscience, a good husband and an active mind, had so steadily increased her beauty, spirits and appreciation of everything worth enjoying, that she looked forward eagerly to the years to come, instead of longing for those which had passed. Although most of her time was spent in New York, she was the ruling spirit of her native town, for she never returned to her Thornton residence without at least one new hobby that all her old acquaintances were eager to ride.

This time her hobby was New Year's calls. Thornton society had so divided and subdivided itself into cliques, that families, once on intimate terms, now scarcely saw one another. Mrs. Arthray believed the original Knickerbocker system of receiving one's old acquaintances on New Year's day would break up this undesirable exclusiveness, and she was now, for the first time, able to put her theory into practice. At least a score of other ladies were willing to assist at their own homes.

Oscar Arthray fully approved his wife's plan; his only advice was: "Don't neglect any of your old admirers, my dear, even if they're now prosy old farmers or stupid mechanics. I don't want any one of them to remain miserable under the impression that you might have been happier had you married him instead of me. Men will be fools on the subject of their old flames, unless absolutely prevented."

So Mrs. Arthray mailed cards to all whom she could remember, whether she had recently seen them or not, and her memory proved so good that the postoffice clerk was mystified at seeing tiny envelopes addressed to several men who had been dead for years. Among the young men whom Mrs. Arthray remembered pleasantly was Tom Dolser; indeed, she had never known anything against him except that he sometimes drank liquor. She had long ceased to know or hear anything about him, but most of the old residents knew that Tom had become the most hopeless sot in the village. His home was the stable of the common tavern that had once been the village hotel, and for serving in the bar-room as boot-black and general messenger, he was allowed to eat with the landlord's colored servants. His wardrobe was supplied from the cast-off clothing of the stable-boys, yet his dress was never as unsightly as his countenance. Only two friends of his youthful days remained to him—rum and the river; the latter could not cast him off if it would, and he would not abandon the former if he could; when he could get rum he was happy; when he could not, he solaced himself by lounging on the river bank and listening to the only village babbler that talked as it used to and never upbraided him.

Late in the afternoon of the day preceding the beginning of New Year's calls in Thornton, Tom Dolser return-

ed from a long errand and entered the bar of the tavern in a doleful frame of mind, for the trip was to yield him only 10 cents; the next day, New Year's could hardly bring him business of any kind, there being no travelers with boots to black in town on holidays, so how was he to get his customary stimulus? The prospect unmanned him—as almost anything could—and he felt like crying, but after some effort he succeeded in swearing instead. As he shuffled to his place on the bootblack's bench, he was startled by shouts of:

"Here he is now!" "Tom, you're in luck!" "There's a week of solid bliss ahead of you!" and other remarks of similar purport.

The sot looked about him defiantly; he had been the subject of very rough jokes in that bar-room. He stared inquiringly at the bar-keeper, who always spoke with authority when he spoke at all.

"They mean it, Tom," said the great poisoner. "The New York fashion of New Year's calls is to be taken up here to-morrow—Arthray's wife started it—and the fellows here think it will be fun to keep the women and the men who are to call on 'em, awake all through to-night, so they'll all feel good and stale to-morrow."

"I don't want to get into the lock-up," said Tom, shuffling again toward the bootblack's bench and looking much disappointed.

"There's no danger of that, Tom," explained one of the opponents of New Year's innovations from New York. "All the bells of Thornton are always rung at midnight of the last year, but the racket sometimes ends pretty soon, because the ringers get tired and haven't anything to brace 'em up. Now, just see how lovely we've arranged the whole thing; the old school-house is right in the middle of the town, its bell is the easiest of the whole lot to ring, and yet its jingle is so infernally loud that nobody can help hearin' it. We've got the keys; you take 'em, go in just before 12, lock yourself in so nobody can get at you, take life easy until the other bells shut up, and then begin and ring, first with one hand, and then with the other, straight through till daylight. We'll lend you a horse-blanket to keep you warm, give you a pint of whisky to keep you company, and, if you see the job through, you shall have free rum at the bar here all day to-morrow and for a week afterward—eh, Teetis?"

"Fact," replied the barkeeper. "The boys are to pay the score."

"I'll do it," said Tom, "if you'll see me through from now till midnight," said Tom.

"Oh, no," laughed the expounder of the conspiracy, "or you won't be fit to do the job."

Tom curled up resignedly on his bench; eight hours would be a long time to wait, but then he would have a pint—a pint at a time, of his favorite substitute for food and clothing. Soon he was roused, however, by some one saying:

"Teetis, you forget to give Tom his letter." "By the shillelah of St. Patrick, so I did!" exclaimed the bartender, hastily taking a small envelope from behind the bar where it had rested against a bottle labeled "Old Tom Gin."

"What cowardly trick are they playing on me now?" thought Tom to himself, as he slowly rose to his feet. Again he appealed, with his eyes, to the barkeeper, and that official responded:

"It's no joke, Tom. One of the post-office clerks said he put it in our box because he heard you came here oftener than anywhere else."

Tom slowly extended his hand and took the letter.

"Better hire a room an' lock yourself in 'fore you open it," suggested one lounging. "P'raps it's from the secretary of the treasury, an' got a check in it for interest on yer registered bonds."

"More likely it's from a tailor that trusted Tom when the bummer wore good clothes," said another.

The envelope was thin enough for Tom to read through it the name, "Mrs. Oscar Arthray" in remarkably uniform letters. As he read, some one remarked:

"Like enough it's from some woman who's taken with his style, an' wants him to make love to her."

Tom began to lay the letter on the bar; but as the speaker ended the remark, the drunkard changed his mind and placed the missive between his teeth—then he picked up a chair and felled his tormentor to the floor. There was a dead silence for a moment, such as usually follows any manifesta-

tion of honorable feeling in a bar-room; meanwhile, Tom went to a basin in a corner, washed his hands, took the envelope from its somewhat inappropriate position, and left the room.

What could Mrs. Arthray want of him? He supposed that she had forgotten him long ago. Not that he had forgotten her; he never saw her in the street—where she always passed him without recognition—without realizing keenly for a moment how wide and deep was the gulf that separated him from the friends of his youth; for had not that glorious woman's hand often made his coat-sleeve feel a little fuller than usual in the old days—had not his voice blended in the church choir—had not he and she taken part in many an innocent village frolic? Some of his early acquaintances had grown sad and old, but she seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Could it be that—enraging thought!—that now she, who once had been his companion, wanted him for some menial service on the morrow, some service such as he was often called on to do for other people?

He went to the stable loft, and broke the envelope; it contained merely a card bearing the lady's name, and the line: "At home, January 1; from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Tom, "it must mean that I am invited to call on her! Then she can't know that—she can't ever have seen or heard—she—oh, my God!"

The poor wretch imagined for a moment Mrs. Arthray and himself standing face to face, and his little strength deserted him so entirely that he fell as if struck by paralysis. He covered his face with his hands, groaned, swore, cried, and exclaimed, "awful, awful, awful!"

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, hurried out of the stable and toward the river. The sun had set, the shopkeepers were lighting their lamps, but no matter, "the darker the better," muttered Tom to himself; "I don't want anybody to see me now." He went through the least frequented streets, he almost ran, and before the darkness had entirely closed around, he reached the shore.

He had meant to end his misery by a sudden plunge, but his feeble nerves were already exhausted by his unusual exertion, and he paused to recover courage. He tried to regain strength and resolution, by withdrawing from his pocket the little bit of pasteboard that had worked such a change in his apathetic, brutish life. But the spell did not work as he wished. Into his bewildered brain came the thought that Alice Arthray herself—the handsomest woman in Thornton, the noblest he had ever known or heard of, had touched that same card—had sent it to him. He seemed to profane the card by touching it, yet at the same time the insensate thing seemed to be placing before his eyes incident after incident of his early life. In imagination he became his old self again, and at last he turned again toward the town, saying to himself:

"Better be a happy fool, while it lasts, than a dead one."

But the charm did not last. By the time he reached the tavern he had sworn to reform and then sworn to steal rum and get blind drunk as soon as possible; he did not keep either oath, but slunk into his own place in the bar-room and gratefully took a glass of rum which the barkeeper, in admiration of the only man who had ever in that room resented an insult to a lady, silently handed him. The stuff made him entirely his old self again; he forgot Mrs. Arthray, his good resolutions, his bad resolves, and everything else but the thought that at 12 o'clock he was to have a pint of whisky, and from daylight of the next morning he was to have unlimited liquor for a week.

It seemed to him the hours from 6 o'clock to 12 would never pass. He tried to sleep, but could not. The smell of the liquor that began to flow in profusion as the evening loungers gathered, almost maddened him, and he begged one man after another to give him just one drink, but all were obdurate, for they knew of the part that Tom was to play and they wanted him to be sober enough to do all that was planned for him.

At the stroke of 11, he arose in desperation and went out of doors to keep the sight and smell of his liquid enemy from tormenting him any longer. The night was bitter cold, so he sneaked into a little bed-room in the stable, and stole the sleeping coachman's ulster to keep him warm while he walked; in a short time he would

have a pint of rum; then he would be warm enough. He turned up the great collar of the coat, so that it covered his ears; he thrust his hand's deep in the pockets; he felt gloves; he put them on. Then he laughed to himself and muttered:

"Nobody could tell me from a gentleman—here in the dark. I wonder how it would feel to wear overcoat and gloves by daylight again? By—, I half feel as if I was a man again; I wonder—"

What he wondered he could never afterward remember, for he suddenly encountered something that felt like a post, but which, as it fell over, proved to be a man with a lantern, beside whom a woman appeared to have been walking.

"You stupid fellow!" exclaimed the man as he regained his feet; "who are you?"

"Tom Dolser," replied the drunkard defiantly; he seemed to have absorbed a great deal of courage from the coachman's coat and gloves.

"Now do you know?"

The man with the lantern brushed snow from his sleeves and muttered something to himself, to the effect that he had never heard the name before and hoped he might never meet its owner again, but the lady broke into a musical laugh and exclaimed:

"What an odd way to meet an old friend. Don't you remember me, Tom, Alice Barrow? and let me make you acquainted with my husband, Mr. Arthray."

"This materially alters the case," said Arthray, extending his hand. "Any old friend of my wife may run against me in the street whenever he likes."

"Oscar is going to ring the chimes in our old church to-night, and I am going with him for company," said Mrs. Arthray. "Won't you come with us, so I can chat with you about old times? Oh, Oscar, this very Tom Dolser, beat these very same chimes on our wedding-day—didn't you, Tom?"

"Yes" is a very small word, but Tom had great difficulty in uttering it. He asked himself what he was to do in these unforeseen and embarrassing circumstances. Mrs. Arthray answered the question by taking one of his arms and telling her husband to take the other and hurry along.

"Else the year will get there before us," she explained. Then, after a little pause, she continued: "You don't seem overjoyed at meeting us, Tom?"

"Then my manners don't tell the truth," said Tom, getting possession of his tongue at last; "but I've been too astonished to speak. I'll walk a little way with you, but I must hurry away then." ("Curse that school-house bell!" thought he to himself; "I'd cut the job if it wasn't for the pint that's waiting for me. I hope Arthray won't get his lantern in my face.")

"Hurry home to your wife and family?" asked Mrs. Arthray. "How many children have you? We have four."

"I'm not married," said Tom, and as he said it through his teeth, Mrs. Arthray blamed herself for not having kept herself well enough informed about her old friends to avoid distressing topics. She hurried back to the subject of the chimes.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, this is an entirely new set of chimes, so you must come and try them. One of the old bells or gongs, as Oscar persists in calling them, was cracked, you know, and my husband got the vestry's permission to replace them all, and he thinks the new set will be sweeter than the old that you and I heard so often when we were children. You will come just for a few moments won't you?"

"Do, Mr. Dolser," said Arthray, "and help us to double the meaning of

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Tom. He felt that he was under false colors, but he believed they would protect him if only that dreadful lantern would be merciful. He would plead neuralgia, toothache, anything to keep his face hidden by the ulster's collar; he would enjoy honorable company for a little while; the school-house bell could wait—no one would miss it while the other bells were ringing.

Then he slowly learned that he could chat, for Mrs. Arthray talked cheerily of old times, and aroused memories which unloosed his tongue, so that by the time the old church tower was reached, Tom had entirely forgotten his task for the night and his remu-

neration that was to last for a week.

Arthray set his lantern in a window-ledge behind him, to Tom's great relief, took the two little mallets and rang out "Old Hundred" with great precision and force; no other bells had yet begun, for the hour had not yet struck. Then, like a good patriot, he rang "Yankee Doodle." The clock below then struck 12, and the general jangle began. The delicate notes of the chimes would be lost in such clamor, so the trio stood and chatted.

Arthray, who was as curious and ignorant about local affairs as active business men usually are, asked numerous questions, to all of which Tom made prompt reply, although frequently compelled to throw himself upon his imagination—he would commit any crime rather than have Mrs. Arthray suspect that he was not what she seemed to believe him.

One by one the bells grew silent, and again Arthray rang the chimes; when he rang "Adeste Fideles," Tom broke down; he had heard his mother sing it thousands of times. He turned abruptly to Mrs. Arthray and said: "I must go now—this moment."

"You won't fail to call to-day?" said the lady. "You received my card, I suppose?"

"Alice," said Tom in low, quick tones, "you don't know me. I'm the worst drunkard, the lowest tramp, in all Thornton. I couldn't help being overcome by your kindness to-night, but I've insulted you by even standing near you and speaking to you. I'm ruined, ragged, vile, worthless—I have not felt like a gentleman in ten years until to-night. Now, if you do not call, you'll not tell anything that will make other people make fun of me?"

"Not call?" said Mrs. Arthray, as her husband turned away from the bells. "Certainly you will call—I insist upon it. Oscar, Mr. Dolser must hurry away to look after a reforming drunkard who needs everything. I want to help in the good work; have you any money in your pocket?"

Arthray handed his wife a small roll of bank notes the lady went to the lantern and counted \$100 from it, and handed them to Tom.

"Now, ring just one time before you go," said she. "You used to do it so well."

"I can't; I've entirely forgotten the bells," said Tom.

"I'll help you—you can do it with a single mallet—here." As she spoke she placed a mallet in his right hand, seized his wrist with his left, and guided him in playing "Auld Lang Syne, her rich voice singing near his ear:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne."

"There!" said she at the end of the fourth bar, "now we won't detain you any longer, but remember that I'll be the most disappointed woman in Thornton, if you don't call to-morrow."

Tom dashed down the narrow steep steps without saying a word. From force of habit he returned to the tavern bar, where he encountered a storm of curses. The loungers demanded that he should fulfill his promise, but he refused, and declined to explain. Then they wanted the schoolhouse keys, but he pretended to have lost them. Strange stories were told of his subsequent doings; it was said that he called on a physician and then on a minister, both between midnight and daylight; that he had paid several prices, very early in the morning, to overcome the fastidiousness of the owner of a barber shop and bathing establishment, and that he had persuaded the owner of a clothing store to open his place for a few moments and fit him to the best garments on the shelves. However it all may have come about, it is certain that in the afternoon of New Year's day, Tom Dolser, in the garb and bearing of a gentleman, though without much composure of countenance, called on Mrs. Arthray. He had to introduce himself again, and he feared the consequences if his hostess had to introduce him to others. Heaven kindly arranged, however, that the only other person present was an old clergyman, who had been pastor to Mrs. Arthray and Tom a quarter of a century before. After Tom had gone, the lady made a confidant of the minister.

The old man hoped, yet he feared; he had prepared dozens of pledges in twenty years, all of which Tom had signed and broken. Yet after the late drunkard had become, if not the original self, at least an industrious and respectable member of society, and Mrs. Arthray was one day piously

attributing the change to heavenly influences, the old pastor looked at her significantly, and said:

"It is no wonder to me now that Jesus Christ was born of a woman."

Pearls.

"ALTHOUGH a pearl weighing one grain is worth only about one-eighth of the price of a diamond of the same weight," said a New York jeweller recently, "it is very easy to spend a large amount of money for pearl jewelry. There is now in this city a pearl necklace worth \$100,000. I have seen another worth \$23,000, and one was recently sold for \$30,000. These large prices are caused by the difficulty of obtaining particular sizes and colors that may be wanted. The most expensive collection of pearls on record is that owned by the Countess of Dudley, in England, which is far more valuable than the celebrated pearls belonging to the queen."

"The countess has a coronet of pearls. The top is composed of pear-shaped pearls. There is a very large one in the centre, and the others are graduated in size down to the smallest. In order to get these pear-shaped pearls in requisite sizes and colors the jewellers were obliged to buy such an enormous quantity of pearls that when the famous necklace was completed, with earrings, bracelets, broach, and finger-rings to match, the jewellers had \$300,000 worth of odd pearls left. A pair of matched pear-shaped pearls weighing 110 grains was recently sold in San Francisco for \$6,000. I sold one pair of off-color, craggy, and gibbons pearls for \$350, and have one pair worth \$1,800."

"When the Princess Royal of England married Frederick William of Prussia she received a necklace of thirty-two pearls, costing \$93,000. In 1789 the French Government possessed pearls valued at \$209,000. One that weighed 108 grains was valued at \$37,000. Two that were pear-shaped were valued at \$55,000."

"The black pearls bring very high prices at present; but genuine pearls may be bought that are white, pink, or gray. The peculiar color which is called pearl is a sort of transparent drab. There is a present a greater demand for pearls, as there is, in fact, for all kinds of jewelry, than has been known for a long time. The plentifulness of imitations does not appear to destroy the value of the genuine article."

Late Fashion Notes.

High coiffures and high ruffs are again in vogue.

Fur muffs are small—smaller than those of satin and plush.

Very high standing collars appear on all sorts of dresses.

Seal and other dark furs are preferred for walking and sleighing hoods.

Evening shoes are again becoming quite fanciful in color and design.

Fur hoods are worn for walking as well as sleighing in the coldest weather. Artificial dyed furs are used on street costumes for children and young girls.

Brown, green and dark gray continue to be the favorite colors of the season.

Costumes entirely of wool or of velvet are fashionably trimmed with the lighter furs.

Nearly all of the wraps for children are modifications of the pelisse and pelierine combined.

Young matrons wear little evening caps of lace and flowers, or lace, ribbon and feathers.

Fur trims everything this winter, from the crown of the hat to the top of the walking boot.

The bead embroidery on the colored kid evening shoe is generally of the same shade as the kid.

Borders of fur are used to excess on dresses of all kinds, whether for the street or house wear.

Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or thorn that divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry than we could be with the spontaneous and unbounded profusion. The body and mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them; the toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar; no wealth can purchase them, no insolence touch them. They only flow from the exertions which they repay.

A Good Investment.

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress difficult. A street urchin sprang to the rescue, and as he held the door, she said "Thank you," and passed on.

"Cracky! I'd hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady in the seal-skin said 'thank ye' to the likes o' me." Amused at the conversation which she could not help over hearing, the lady turned round and said to him, "It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last Christmas when doing her shopping, this same woman received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark in a low tone to a friend who was with her: "What a comfort to civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know as I blame the clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said, "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness."

She looked at him in amazement while he related the forgotten incident, and told her that simple "thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as an office boy in the establishment where he is now an honored and trusted clerk.

"Only two words dropped into the treasury of street conversation; but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stock and bonds."

BE A MAN.

The highest attainment for you, my boy, is to be a man! This world is full of counterfeits. But it is a grand thing to stand upright in defense of truth and principle. When persecutions come, some hide their faces until the storm passes by; others can be bought for a mess of pottage. From such an one, turn away. But stand by a friend; be a man; do not run away when danger threatens to overwhelm him or yourself. Read good books and read men's faces. Think for yourself. The eye is the window to the soul; use your eyes and hold your tongue. If opposition comes, meet it manfully. If success crowns your efforts bear it quietly. Do your own thinking and keep your secrets; worship no man for his lineage. Fine feathers don't always cover fine birds. Be sober, be honest, be just in all your dealings with the world; be true. Wear but one face and let that be an honest one.—Cleveland, Ohio, Farmer.

Old in New York but New in Chicago.

As Mr. Mr. DeWitt C. Pease, of New York, was stepping from a Michigan Central train a few days since, a handsome young lady skipped up to him, threw her arms rapturously about his neck and kissed him many times, saying:

"Oh, papa I'm so glad you have come."

Mr. Pease threw both arms around her and held her firmly to his breast. She looked up into his face, and horror stood in her eyes.

"Oh, my! you're not my papa!" she said, trying to free herself from his embrace.

"Yes, I am," insisted Mr. Pease, holding her tightly. "You are my long lost daughter, and I am going to keep you right in my arms till I get a policeman."

When the officer came and found Mr. Pease's diamond pin in the girl's hand he said: "That's a new trick here."

"Is it?" said Pease. "Well, it's old in New York."—Chicago News.

A New Use of Pretty Shop Girls.

In one of our millinery establishments a number of remarkably pretty girls are kept in an ante-room, ostensibly employed to sew. They represent a wide variety in complexion and types of features. When a customer wavers in deciding between bonnets, the wily clerk calls in one of these girls and says: "Here is a head and face quite like yours, and I can show you the effect this hat would have on you." Of course, on beauty's top, the piece of millinery is bewitching, and gratified vanity quickly completes the sale.—Boston Herald.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1884.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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ONE of the oldest and best known proverbs is, "Look before you leap." Mr. Zeigler seems to have heeded it at the eleventh hour, and there is no one but will congratulate him on the wise decision he has arrived at, which is that there is no need of another newspaper for the deaf and dumb. The reasons advanced, however, are subject to criticism. In the first place, the deaf and dumb as a class do not crave for "impertinent, and puerile personals," though there are many who delight in items that are simple in language and unimportant as to facts. But if we look through any paper, even a great city daily, we will not fail to find items of society gossip, etc., that are of no higher standard than those which are sneered at by some of the "exclusive" deaf-mutes who know more about finding a flaw than they do about mending it. We have at our elbow nearly every issue of the much vaunted, greatly deplored and highly literary "Silent World," and there is not a single issue but contains little squibs and personals that leave room for adverse comment. If the deaf and dumb would concentrate their power into one paper, that paper would be very strong and very influential. So far as the JOURNAL is concerned, its improvement in every respect has been steady and continued. It has to-day a larger circulation than any deaf-mute paper in the world; it publishes every week twice as much reading matter as any of its contemporaries; it contains instructive and entertaining reading of a scientific and literary character, as well as news concerning the deaf and dumb; it aims to benefit no one section but to enhance the well being of deaf-mutes as a class; in short, its mission is for good, and we hope entitles it to the support and encouragement and assistance of every deaf-mute who loves his fellow man. There is plenty of room in its columns for the highly literary productions which Mr. Zeigler proposed to publish, and if the gentlemen who intended to contribute really wish to help their fellow mutes, we will be glad to accommodate them with space to carry out such commendable purpose.

THIS issue contains a letter from far away Japan that will be of much interest to the JOURNAL readers. It seems strange to deaf-mutes who live in an enlightened country, that at the other side of the globe there should exist a vast empire containing many thousands of silent ones for whose education not only no provision is made, but they are held in the same barbarous estimation as were the deaf and dumb of Europe three or four centuries ago. The establishment of a foreign missionary society to aid these poor neglected children, and rescue them from the cruel bonds of paganism and of ignorance, would reflect honor upon the deaf and dumb of America, who already hold a higher position in point of education and enlightenment than the mutes of any other country on the face of the earth.

RAILROAD HARVEST FOR 1884.

VICTIM NO. 6.

Thomas Nolan, a deaf-mute, was killed by a "working train," at Grover, Pa., on the 5th ult. He was educated at the American Asylum, at Hartford. He leaves a widow to mourn his sudden departure for the other world.

A Bloodthirsty Beggar.

William L. Moriarty, a beggar, who is both deaf and dumb, but very wicked, was arrested on Sunday, charged with disorderly conduct. He asked a gentleman who was coming home from Haverly's theater last night, and who was accompanied by his wife, for money. Upon being refused, he struck the lady a violent blow across her face with a stick, and was arrested by Officer Kearney. The justice imposed a fine of \$100.—*Ex.*

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

The Alabama Institution received a raw recruit in the shape of a mute boy since January 1st.

Miss Mary Starnes, late of the Alabama Institution, has gone to her home near Scottsboro, Ala.

It is rumored that Mr. L. Riger, of New Haven, Ct., is to be engaged to a New York deaf-mute lady.

Wm. M. Gardner, of Dakota, wishes to get a photograph of the late Salmon Crockett, of Hartford, Ct.

Mr. Louis Biger, of New Haven, Ct., made a visit to Mr. W. D. Munger, of Bridgeport, Tuesday, January 29th.

It is said that Miss Myra Warren, of Albany, N. Y., is one of the most graceful fancy skaters at the Park Lake in Albany, this winter.

Mr. Jonathan Duxton, of Wakefield, Mass., paid a visit to Mr. John Larabee, of Stoneham, a few days ago, whose brother is about going to sea.

Prof. J. A. Hoge, of the Alabama Institute, in company with Prof. Hal Johnson and his brother are thinking of starting a brick yard next spring.

Caroline D. Clark, wife of the late John C. Clark, died Friday, Jan. 19th, in Nashua, N. H., and was buried in the Amherst St. Cemetery on Jan. 22d. Her maiden name was Denison.

Frank Walker and Jas. W. Kidd, formerly of the Tennessee Institution, paid the Alabama Institution a visit last week. They spoke of the Alabama Institution grounds in complimentary terms.

Henry J. Wright, of Marshall, Ind., was surprised and grieved to hear of the burning of Mr. and Mrs. Arnott's house last Christmas. He met their son and daughter while on a visit at the Indiana Institution.

Miss Lydia Ann Benninger, of Meshoppen, Pa., was married on December 23d, 1883, to Mr. Sylvester Horton, of Sheshequin, Pa. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Mr. Marble Benninger, of Bradford County, Pa., by Rev. G. W. Knappe.

Mr. H. J. Haight, of New York, at the recent Poultry Show given by the Fanciers Club, won a gold medal for the best hen coop exhibited, a silver cup for Andalusian fowl, and three prizes for white Cochins. His poultry farm, in Goshen, N. Y., is one of the finest in the country.

Ex-Supervisor Charles K. Bennett, of the New York School, will be at the New York Institution on the 22d of February. He hopes to meet many of his friends there. Mr. Bennett has been in poor health for a long time. Now he is entirely recovered, and looks better than he ever did.

Mr. J. B. Foster and wife recently went on a sleigh ride of nine miles to Andover, Conn., to see Mr. and Mrs. Lorin P. White, who have a fine boy eight months old. They own a farm, a new two-story house, and a corn house containing 200 bushels, and are building a commodious henhouse 12x40 feet, and having twelve high windows.

Mr. Wright Fisher, a deaf-mute of Roseville, Ind., went on a visit to Isaac Gray, of Marshall, Ind., Andrew Etter, of Alamo, Ind., and Henry L. Wright, of Indiana, a few weeks ago. He related having driven in a buggy with one horse to Chicago, Ill., Michigan City, Crawfordville and Indianapolis, Ind., last November. He was educated at the Indianapolis Institution.

Last Wednesday evening, an exciting debate took place before the Clero Literary Association, of Philadelphia, on the question: "Which was the greater man, Washington or Columbus?" It was decided in favor of Washington. The contestants were Messrs. McKinney, Siffer and Miles, on one side, and Messrs. Manning, Lewis and Lipsett, on the other. Three judges were appointed, Messrs. Thomas Breen, Chairman, Washington Houston, and Edward Carr, the latter filling the position of chief judge to the satisfaction of all.

Last Wednesday evening an unusual large number gathered at the Boston Deaf-Mute Hall, 18 Essex Street, Boston, Mass., to listen to a lecture given by Mrs. Whipple Follette. Subject—"Daily Life," representing nearly all the ten commandments, also interesting and instructive facts and short stories. At the close of the lecture, Mr. Edward Duran presented her with a nice plush (in crimson color) ornamented "F" as a stand, having a small thermometer hung on. It was a specimen of his handiwork. Mr. E. W. Friese was booked to lecture February 27th, but as many seemed to desire to hear Mrs. Follette again, he gladly gave way, and therefore Mrs. Follette will speak again on February 27th. At her last lecture, the towns of Salem, Beverly, Malden and Cambridgeport, etc., were represented. Any one desirous of hearing a first class lecturer, will have their desire gratified by attending.

Mr. John A. Edmonds, of South Bethlehem, Pa., has been on the sick list for two weeks. Now he is slowly recovering. He caught a heavy cold while superintending a party of men at cutting ice for the brewery. He expects to be well enough to be at the New York Institution on the 22d of February. Mr. Edmonds claims to be the strongest mute in Pennsylvania. He can take two 99 pound weights in each hand, and hold them at arms length. At the Lehigh University, he beat the College boys in throwing the hammer. One day a man came into town with a "health lift," and charged five cents a lift. John took hold of it and pulled six hundred and seventy pounds. By doing that he received two dollars. The next time he tried it he broke the machine. Mr. Edmonds says he will challenge any mute in Pennsylvania or New Jersey to beat him on a lift. He thinks nothing of tossing heavy ale barrels at the brewery. John was keeper at the South Bethlehem Iron Works for three years, a puddler for four years at the rolling mills. Also he was a member of the volunteer fire department for seven years. He is well known and liked by all who know him.

A big time is expected at the deaf-mute party in Lowell, Mass., on the 21st.

Will R. Newton Parsons please send his present address to Ira H. Derby immediately by postal?

Three marriages have occurred among deaf-mutes who were present at the recent New Hampshire Mission, held in Nashua.

Mr. H. P. Chapman has been visiting in Worcester, Taunton and Boston, Mass.

Mr. Newton Parsons has been in New Haven for three or four months, as a book agent.

Laura M. Fuller, of Fredonia, N. Y., would like to hear from Miss Helen Ives, of Troy.

Rev. Mr. Style is expected to preach in the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C., on the first Sunday in March.

Will Mr. Elmer E. Smith send his address to William Ennis, whose address is 85 John St., Care of Coffin, Rogers & Co., N. Y.

It is forty-three years Thomas B. Harris left the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institution. He is now living in New Orleans, La.

It is rumored that Mr. James Moylan will be married to Miss Saddle Arnold, both of Baltimore City, Md., on the 17th or 18th of June next.

Ethan A. Smith and wife recently visited his brother Almos Smith, in New Boston, N. H. He has accumulated a large fortune within ten years.

William F. Coghlan, of Fitchburg, Mass., recently went fishing with some friends at Rindge, N. H., and caught 102 pickerel and four large perch through the ice.

One page of the Kansas Star, of the 31st ult., has its column rules turned on account of the death of Hon. James E. Martin, President of the Board of Trustees of the Kansas Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cuddeback, of Alloway, visited Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Keller, of Newark, N. Y., last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. K. were much pleased to see them, and they had a very pleasant visit.

Mr. William F. and Miss Fannie Hall, of Whitehall, N. Y., visited Mr. George H. Bristol of Argyle, N. Y., last week, stopping in Fort Ann, Sandhill, Glensfalls, Fort Edward, on their way to Bristol.

George B. Harward, of Raleigh, N. C., the well known inventor of the coupling hose, has taken the position as engineer of a new mill for K. R. Davis at Lenoirburg, N. C. His wages per month is \$40. Mr. Harward holds him permanently in the wish of the North Carolina Fanwoodites.

Rev. Mr. Mann interpreted for the Rev. Joseph Jencks, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Indianapolis, on Sunday, January 27th. It was a combined service. He held three other services besides, two at the Institution and one at Christ Church, where he has had a mission for several years.

Mr. Haight, of the firm of Haight and Newell, of Goshen, N. Y., did not perform the office of judge of incinerators at the late poultry show held in this city. He was requested to do so, but declined on the ground that one of his own inventions was on exhibition, and his decision might be considered impartial. A Mr. Williams took his place.

Mr. Gorham D. Abbott's poultry business on Long Island is progressing favorably. He sends to private consumers thirty dozen eggs weekly, and realizes fancy prices, which net him considerably more than the regular prices paid by dealers. He will soon purchase an incubator, and expects to have 2000 chickens for market in the spring.

Miss Annie Thomas, of Tipton, Ind., is now employed by the Caxton Publishing Co., Chicago, as an agent for a fine book entitled, "The Home Book of Poetry and Song." She has only been at it one week, but in that time has sold \$86.25 worth of books, from which she receives \$34.60 clear profit, and has the town only about half canvassed. If she likes the work, when she has finished the canvassing of Tipton, they will employ her as an agent the year round. She gets 40 per cent on each book.

Deaf-mutes, when writing to strangers, should write very plainly. Mr. Hess, from Baltimore, was selling pictures in Cecil County about five years ago. He called at a clergyman's residence. One of the children answered the knock. Mr. H. made some signs that were not understood by the speaking child, and commenced writing with his pencil, the child waiting, as she supposed, for an invitation to the clergyman to marry him at a time to suit their convenience. When he had finished the writing, he handed the paper to the child and signed for her to read it. She beckoned him in the parlor and hurried to her mother with the astounding news: "Ma, Ma, here is a man who says he is a deaf-mute." I will add, Mr. Hess was invited and spent the evening and night with the family, and they contributed very much to the amusement of one another.

Deaf-Mutes.

The *Owego Times and Express* says: The Northern New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes has been organized at Malone, through the efforts of Henry C. Rider, a deaf-mute of Mexico, Owego county, and Rev. Thomas Gallandet, of New York. Mr. Rider estimates that there are 40 deaf-mutes in the counties of St. Lawrence, Franklin, Clinton, Essex and Warren. Articles of incorporation were filed in Albany Friday.—*Rome Sentinel*, Jan. 29.

A Blind Bride and a Deaf Groom.

An interesting social event in Charlotte, N. C., the coming fall, will be the marriage of a blind girl and a deaf-mute. The girl's visual infirmity does not impair the beauty of her eyes, and has not been offered to hinder the development of her mind, while the groom is a handsome and intelligent man. After the first difficulty of introduction had been surmounted the courtship is said to have advanced smoothly, and their mutual sympathy and understanding are so deep that when they are together each readily supplies the other's lack, and their combined senses are equal to any emergency.—*Cleveland Leader*.

An Interested Chinaman.

When Mrs. Cole (Dr. Gillett's daughter) returned to her home in Helena, Montana, there went with her a deaf-mute young woman. This was the first educated deaf-mute ever seen in those parts, and to see her talking with Mrs. Cole by signs was a great curiosity to the Mountaineers, and to Chinese.

A Chinaman brought home the washing, and saw a deaf-mute for the first time and was greatly interested in her: "Me never see Melican man like that before. Melican married?"

"No."
"Melican wantee get married?"
"No."
"Likee Melican man; not much jaw, jaw."—*D. M. Advance*.

A subscriber wants to kn the address of Mr. Thomas Hines Coleman, of Florida.

A lecture will be given before the Manhattan Literary Association on the 14th inst., by Prof. T. F. Fox, who has chosen as his subject, "Characteristics of Nature." This lecture was especially intended by the Committee on Lectures and Debates, for the benefit of the Poet Memorial Fund.

Mr. Scheetz, a deaf-mute, of Philadelphia, dropped dead of heart disease at home last Sunday night. He was well as ever and went out in the country in the morning and staid all day. He had worked in the Pennsylvania Railroad Shops for many years, and was respected by all the deaf-mutes in Philadelphia. He was a member of the Clero Literary Association for many years.

A surprise party was given to a well known semi-mute Hebrew young lady last Sunday evening, at her parents' residence in Brooklyn, in honor of her birthday. There were present besides the other guests, about fifteen who were not mutes. There were dancing, games and a supper, after which all adjourned to their respective homes. One lady, the belle of the evening, wore a crown as a queen—and very queenly she looked; also a golden sword across her dress, probably as an emblem of the beauty's power to pierce hearts.

A New Way to Become Deaf.

BLINKERS—"I see by the papers that a Dakota youth took cold from kneeling on the ice to fasten skates for young ladies, and become deaf in consequence."

RINKERS—"I am not surprised at it. I have put on ladies' skates myself."

BLINKERS—"Then you do not think that an exceptional case?"

RINKERS—"Oh, no: colds are frequently caught away. You see, strapping up a pretty girl's skates takes an awful long time."—*Empire Telegram*.

DIED.

DEAR EDITOR:—Mrs. Almira Beecher, of New Haven, Ct., the oldest deaf-mute widow living here, aged 75, died on Sunday, January 27th, at 8 p.m. She had been sick for nearly three months with cancer. The funeral took place on Wednesday, January 30th, at half past one p.m. All the deaf-mutes present were invited into hucks, and drove six miles to Orange Center, where she is buried by the side of her husband, who died five or six years ago. The deaf-mutes of this city, contributed a sum of money, and presented to her an anchor of leaves, violets and wheat. Rev. Dr. Gallandet, of New York, preached the funeral sermon. Those who were present were, Mr. and Mrs. Leek, Misses Stoffell, Axt, Olcott, and Messrs. Riger, N. R. Parsons, McCue, Boenking, Hagerty, of New Haven. Besides Mrs. Averill, of Branford, Mr. Hough, of Meriden, Ct., and Mr. Martin, of Bridgeport.

SCHRETZ.—At Philadelphia, Pa., on the 27th of last January, suddenly, Mr. George Scheetz, aged 54 years.

Death of Mrs. John McGill.

The very sudden and unlooked for death of Mrs. McGill has cast a gloom over her many friends. She was enjoying the best of health, but was suddenly cut down by a severe stroke of paralysis. She died on the 2d of February, in Montreal, Canada, after being unconscious for a week. She never rallied, and did not know any one after she had the stroke.

Mrs. McGill travelled much in Europe, and was a most talented and brilliant deaf-mute lady. Born with wealth, and having a charming and amiable disposition, she was a great favorite with the deaf-mutes, who feel her loss keenly. Her many virtues and noble christian charities, her kind words, deeds and cheerful encouragement to the mutes, will stand a monument to her memory and generosity. Mr. McGill has the condolence and sympathy in his great bereavement by all who know him.

North Carolina Institution.

A correspondent from some part of this state, we suppose Greensboro,

states in his letter to the JOURNAL of last week's issue, that a rumor was afloat to the effect that Mr. W. J. Young was contemplating resigning his position of Principal of this Institute, and that Mr. John E. Ray, one of our teachers, was banking after the position with the avidity of a carpet-bagger. The saying that a person must go from home to learn the news, fits the above assertion. There is no truth in the statement, and it must all have originated from the fertile imaginary brain of the author, perhaps while it was muddled in some way or other. Mr. Young does not think of resigning the position of Principal so long as his health will permit him to hold on.

As to Mr. Ray, he could easily get a better position than the principalship, in fact he has on two or three occasions been offered situations with better salary than he can possibly expect to receive in this Institution. His love for the mutes induces him to remain. What caused the slur to be cast on Mr. Ray is a mystery to us, as he has never wronged a deaf-mute in any way, but on the contrary has always aided them in many ways.

We were favored with a short visit from Dr. E. M. Gallandet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, last week, while on his way south. We found him to be a very pleasant gentleman, and regret that his stay with us was necessarily short. He expressed himself as being well pleased with our Institution. Hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing him again some time.

Mr. George Clontz, a graduate of this Institution, raised ten barns of bright, yellow tobacco, on his farm in Buncombe, N. C., last year. He sold five lots in Asheville a few days ago, at \$15, \$30, \$37, \$42 and \$71 per hundred. He will realize about \$2,000 from his tobacco crop.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 29, '84.

BADGERDOM.

In last week's issue of the *Times*, there appeared an item concerning the coasting line, in which it was said that Messrs. Engelhardt, Dudley, and Murphy, examined the coasting track, measured the distance, and found that the famous "long run" of old was 1800 feet.

There is an error in the above statement. No measurement was taken by the above-named gentlemen. Since then, however, the track has been accurately measured, and the "long run" is 1455 feet. And that has now been beaten. Our "too young engineers" have gone 124 feet beyond all former limits, or 1579 feet in all. They can now rest on their laurels, a result which they well deserve, after having worked like beavers to put the track in good condition.

Yesterday we had a light rain, which melted the snow rapidly. After receiving half a dozen snowballs on as many different parts of our anatomy, we came to the conclusion that the rain put the snow in good condition for snowballing. But to-day a piercing wind is blowing at the rate of forty miles per hour, and we will have another freeze up.

Another large pair of "bobs" is in process of construction. When completed we shall have three of them, and then everybody will have a chance to slide.

The snow around the Institution presents a rather sooty appearance, the result of burning bituminous coal.

SNOW BALLS.

The ice-boat may be out in a day or two.

Skates ditto.

It is dangerous to throw a snow-ball at a boy who has got a window behind him. Glass is apt to break. It is also dangerous to pass an innocent small boy without looking back to watch his movement. If you fail to observe this precaution, ten to one, something will hit you in the small of the back, and on turning round to see "who struck Billy Patterson," all the satisfaction you will get is the sight of a pair of boots disappearing around an adjacent corner.

Derby hats are not fire-proof, or rather bomb-proof. Simon Carney has one which goes to prove the above statement.

We have a problem for solution: When the girls go out coasting, why do the prettiest ones get the most rides? Perhaps some of the philosophical, or mathematical, college students can enlighten us.

We entered Miss Waite's art studio the other afternoon, and at once exclaimed, "Alas! poor Yorick!" What caused our ejaculation was "some poor fellow's skull," which grinned at us from a stand. It was loaned by a doctor in town to serve as a model. We were asked our opinion as to whether it was a man's or woman's skull. We replied that it appeared to be a woman's skull, on account of the size of the lower jaw. Our opinion was not very well received by the artists of the fairer sex.

Two of our young bachelors are making strenuous efforts to raise moustaches. Further particulars later, when the returns begin to come in. No names given for fear of consequences.

"Harry Fielding" is trying to badger us by casting reflections upon us, or rather upon our noses. We deny the soft impeachment. It is not our fault, if we do reside near Milwaukee. We would remind Harry that the red light was seen in the east at sunrise as well as in the west at sunset, and therefore we could cast his reflection back upon him with the hint that Juvenemann's and Heinrich's firewater had something to do with it. Let's agree to leave the honor to the Bismarck belles.

We are now in the middle of the examinations. The younger classes have had their turn, but the older ones are still in suspense. Last night, during study hours, the gas went back on us, and the Institution, which a moment before, had been illuminated from garret to basement, was suddenly plunged into Cimmerian darkness, to the delight of the small boy whose examination is over, and to the despair of the unfortunate whose turn is yet to come.

Little Lizzie Rundel was made happy yesterday by a short visit from her mother and grandmother from Milwaukee. Lizzie is a general favorite, and deserves every happiness.

L. H. Van Valen, of Shopiere, an old time pupil of the Institution, was here a few days ago.

The other day one of our boys caught an old cat in a rabbit trap. Rabbits getting scarce evidently.

Birthdays are rather a nuisance here when every one knows who the victim is. The unfortunate boy or girl who had the bad luck to be born on a certain day, and the worse luck to let it be known, has to undergo a great deal of rather questionable congratulation. It was Miss Linda Langland's turn today. We sympathize with her. We have been solicited by anxious friends to divulge the date of our birth. We would rather be excused. We do not want any congratulation in ours.

Our young bachelor club has passed the ukase that it is the duty of the girls to send valentines this year. Ye fair ones take notice! Send us a nice one, please.

DELAVER, Jan. 30.

Como.

Wanted.

At the South Carolina Institution, a teacher of Articulation.

N. F. WALKER,

Superintendent.

CEGAR SPRING, S. C.

6-21a.

THE CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION.

Brilliant Scene at Irving Hall last Evening.

SILENT BUT DEMONSTRATIVE MERRYMAKING.

Dancing to music which They Heard Not.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

The unprecedented, long remembered and almost phenomenal success of the Picnic and Games of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, held in August last, was what might appropriately be styled a guarantee that their Second Annual Reception would be the most brilliant affair of the kind with which deaf-mute New Yorkers had ever been regaled. This prophetic intuition was eminently realized last evening, for, not only were the disciples of silence more numerous than had graced any preceding gathering of the kind, but the social standing, intelligence and respectability of those who participated, was by far superior to what had been anticipated. In short, the *elite* of mutedom was in attendance, and, together with the large number of hearing people, many of whom are associated with our class both in the educational and industrial worlds, lent an impressiveness to the scene and an importance to the event seldom equalled.

As your correspondent entered Irving Hall, 15th street and Irving Place, about nine o'clock, he was forcibly struck with the panorama which stretched before his eye. To observe the brilliant and animated scene, in which elegantly attired ladies and well-dressed gentlemen, all deeply engrossed in conversation in expressive pantomime, one would be apt to enquire whether deafness was such a calamity as is universally supposed. There was, apparently, no indication of sorrow or trouble in the sparkling eyes and cheerful smiles of these children of silence, and the geniality and good fellowship displayed by all while greeting or exchanging the compliments of the season with one another, proved peradventure that the loss of the sense of hearing was not necessarily accompanied by an absence of good breeding, as well as that interest in the prosperity and happiness of others which smooths the rugged pathway of life.

The hall in which the Reception was held, is considered to be one of the most elegant in the city, and in this instance was specially adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. The speakers' stand was at the east end of the gallery, and in full view of the two long lines of spectators who reclined in luxurious cushioned seats around the apartment. The ball room proper, which was located on the floor below, gave the most lively satisfaction to those whose eager pedestrians find recreation in the light fantastic, possessing, as it does, the novelty of a spring floor, which, we believe, is the only one to be found in the city.

At precisely ten o'clock, Chairman O'Brien, attired in an attractive swallow-tail, which set off his graceful form to the best possible advantage, stepped forward and with an appropriate little speech introduced President Russell. This gentleman, who is a noble specimen of physical manhood, welcomed those present by signs that were both clear and graphic. He has few peers in sign making among Gotham mutes.

Rev. Father Freeman, who preaches to the deaf at St. Francis Xavier's Church, West Sixteenth Street, every Sunday, and who is loved and revered by our Catholic mute population, owing to the interest which he has manifested in their welfare since he became associated with them in his clerical capacity, was now introduced, and read a letter from the Hon. John Kelly, chief of the Tammany braves, who, among other distinguished personages, had been invited to participate in the voiceless festivities. It was as follows:

23 PARK ROW, N. Y. Feb. 1, '84.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN, Esq.:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the Second Annual Reception of the New York Deaf-Mute Literary and Benevolent Union, and for which I return you and your associates my thanks. I regret to say, however, that I doubt very much if it will be possible for me to attend. I expect to be absent from the city on the evening of your Reception; were it not for this, I undoubtedly would be present, as you have my entire sympathy in the good work which you are doing.

Very truly yours,

JOHN KELLY.

Father Freeman closed with a short but pithy speech, enjoining the mutes of New York, and commending their pluck and perseverance in overcoming obstacles in the pursuit of knowledge.

Prof. E. H. Currier, of the New York Institution, performed the office of interpreter for this gentleman.

Prof. Clarke, of Fanwood, was next introduced. He was pleased to observe the unmistakable wisdom and foresight with which all the details of the Reception had thus far been conducted, and although he was unable to take all of his numerous friends by the hand and express the satisfaction and pleasure which he experienced in meeting them under such delightful circumstances, he felt that they comprehended his position and would pardon the omission.

Dr. Peet, who had been expected to make the opening address, but who was unavoidably detained until long after the prescribed time for his arrival, was the next to occupy the rostrum. The applause which greeted his appearance was a more striking proof of the esteem and veneration in which this great and good philanthropist is held, than words could portray. Every one almost held their breath as he commenced in his well-known manner of sign delivery to tell how his life had been passed among the deaf at the New York Institution. He considered himself virtually a deaf-mute, although enjoying the advantages derived from hearing and speech. At his school, the Gospel was expounded without regard to any fixed sectarian principle, and he was glad to see that the Catholic mutes were impressed with the importance of so living that they might enter into the everlasting joy of that life to come. He closed with an expression of his profound gratitude to God, who had made him the humble instrument whereby the blessings of an education might be enjoyed by the deaf.

The last gentleman who favored the assemblage, was Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, assistant to Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallandet, of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. He begged to be excused from making a long address, but wished the society every success and prosperity.

About one hundred and twenty-five couples, contributed to the success of the Grand March. It was headed by a gentleman named Hugot, who was accompanied by Miss Donohue, sister of James P., an enterprising and influential member of the society. As each couple passed a given point, a delicious odor of perfume, wafted from a fountain, proved a pleasant and agreeable surprise. The fountain was operated by an agent of the "Wenck" Perfumes Manufacturing Company, and was an advertising device worthy of the originator. The march was the best that we ever recollect witnessing, and was highly creditable to those to whom the management had been entrusted.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Early Ideas about Deaf-Mutes.

GHOSTS AND GAS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The "Lit." held its regular meeting in Lyceum on Friday night. The exercises began with a fine and well-delivered essay on the "Dawn of Deaf-Mute Education," by Mr. Dantzer, of '86. We will try and give a short synopsis of the essay, which was highly interesting and the result of much patient research. Opening with the well-known and oft quoted lines of Lucretius:—

"To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach,
No care improve them, and no wisdom teach,
The essayist plunged in *medias res*, and touched on the ignoble condition of deaf-mutes in early ages. In many countries, they were destroyed; in France, the birth of a deaf child was considered as a great disgrace, a dire infliction from heaven on the parents; the Code of Justinian deprived them of all civil rights, and even large-hearted St. Augustine held that the congenital mute had no claim to any place in paradise, and passes the severe judgment that "deafness from birth makes faith impossible, since he who is born deaf can neither hear the Word, nor learn how to read it." Under such circumstances, it is not strange that the social and mental state of the deaf-mutes remained for centuries in a most degraded condition. As the world progressed, however, public opinion gradually underwent a change. We find here and there isolated instances of educated deaf-mutes. Bede the Venerable, mentioning one who was being instructed, in 685 A. D., the first instance on record, and finally about 1545, opinions were so far modified that the learned Italian educator, Jerome Cardan of Pavia, announced that "the instruction of the deaf is difficult, but not impossible." His belief was shared by the Spanish monk Pedro de Ponce, who first began a systematic course of teaching. After this, deaf-mute education became quite general in Italy and England. We have curious treatises on the subject by Dr. John Bulwer and Dr. Wallis, of Oxford, which were written in the 17th century, and the remarkable "The Deaf and Dumb Tutor," of George Dalgarno, published in 1680. Regular deaf-mute schools were not established until a century later. The first school in France was founded in 1760, by De l'Epée; the first English school a little earlier by the Scotchman, Thomas Braidwood, at Edinburgh, and the first in Germany, at Leipsic, in 1778.

Our modern language of signs was invented by the pupils, not by the teachers. The children brought their own natural signs to school, and all the teachers could do was to improve and systematize them. The essay concluded with remarks on the trades advantageously pursued by the deaf, on the work done by Father Gallaudet, and on the present number of institutions and of deaf-mutes.

Following the essay, came the debate of the evening, on the subject: "Resolved, That Alexander the Great was greater than Julius Caesar?" Messrs. Cleary, '87, and Bell, '88, were arraigned on the affirmative, and Messrs. Constock, '87, and Standacher, '88, on the negative side. The subject was well handled, but by weight of argument, the Roman was adjudged superior to the Greek, and accordingly the negative side carried off the palm. Messrs. Boland and Marsh, of '88, then gave a humorous dialogue, "The Lawyer and his Client," and Mr. Dundon, '86, a spirited declamation, "The Private of the Buffs."

PROF. GORDON'S LECTURE.

Owing to delay in the arrival of necessary apparatus, and other conflicting circumstances, Prof. Gordon was unable to deliver the second of his course of lectures until Saturday night, when the laboratory was again filled with eager students, anxious to learn something of this quasi-occult science as expounded in the Professor's entertaining manner. The lecturer gave a cursory review of the present state of science in regard to the number of elements in Mother Earth, and their distribution. It appears that sixty-seven elementary substances are now known, and certain chemists claim the existence of at least eight more *dianium*, *thulium*, etc. But these are extremely rare, and the best authorities are not agreed as to the validity of their claims. After a playful description of the origin of the word *gas*, from the old German word *geist*, the same as our English ghost, the professor took up the "ghost," Hydrogen, as the theme of the evening, and set forth its interesting nature and remarkable relation to the other elements. It is one of the two constituents of water, enters largely into the composition of our daily food, and in its gaseous state, is the lightest of all known substances, being 240,000 times lighter than the metal platinum. This "ghost" was set free from water, ice and other compounds, by the action of heat, electricity, sodium, zinc, etc., and the liberated gas was then subjected to a number of ingenious and instructive experiments. In one of these, it was passed through a block of solid, compact, building stone, and lighted. In some of the experiments, new apparatus imported from Germany was employed, and in general, even familiar experiments were made in a large way that added

to their effect. In conclusion, the lectures gave a number of proofs of the metallic nature of this highest of gases, which condenses under the combined action of intense cold and great pressure to a steel-blue liquid resembling quicksilver, even becomes solid on evaporation. The lecture took up an hour and a half, and was most successful. The Juniors and Sophs were conspicuous among the audience, taking down notes for reference when they come to laboratory work during the third term.

ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

Our foot ball eleven talk of having themselves photographed in a group, and as the team is the best that was ever set out by the College, the move is a good one. A large photo by Rice, of the Howard team of last year, is being handed about, and judging from the same the picture will be a nobby one. It will prove a most excellent souvenir of the triumphs won by Old Kendall during the season just past.

Lynch and Berg, who will probably form the battery of the Kendall nine during the coming season, are practising together, and getting along finely. Lynch, by constant use of the chest-weights, is developing the muscles called into play by those peculiar twists of his, which are to stump visiting batsmen on our "Garlic Grounds."

The Juniors are jubilant, for, Tuesday morning, the notice appeared on the bulletin board that "the Class in Mechanics was excused from further recitations." This notice announced, as it were, 85's freedom from the thraldom of mathematics, and was hailed with three cheers and a tiger. A secret confab has been held by the class, the outcome of which we suppose will be a grand demonstration at no distant day, or night rather.

Mr. Bryant sprained his wrist the other day by a fall from his bicycle. A "small boy" threw an old tin can between the wheels of his machine, and the result was the header aforesaid. Another gamin tried the same game on Prof. Hotchkiss, but the Professor turned his machine against him and went for him like a streak, but the lad skeddaddled, too, and escaped, having, however, learned a wholesome lesson.

Amateur theatricals have been the rage among the boys of the Primary Department, being given on Saturday night. They were quite creditable in their get-up.

The Congressional library has been unusually well patronized of late, by students of all classes.

The Gym. is booming.

Feb. 4th '88.

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

231 E. 39th STREET,
New York, Feb. 5, 1884.

I have received several letters of inquiry concerning the collection of funds for the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund, from persons who have received no benefits, directly, from the elder Gallaudet, but who, nevertheless, feel a deep interest in the movement of erecting a memorial to his memory, and are desirous of contributing to so worthy an object. Several of the parties wished to know whether collections were to be made from deaf-mutes exclusively.

I wrote to the Recording Secretary of the Second National Convention of Deaf-Mutes, asking him to look up this matter in the proceedings of the Convention. He informs me that there has been no provision made by the Convention on this point.

For the reason, and still more because Dr. Gallaudet has not only been a benefactor to our class, but a benefactor to the public at large, should all be permitted to help towards bringing the work to a speedy consummation.

As the Convention has made no provision for this point, it is advisable for the purpose of furthering the object in view, that the several agents be at liberty to solicit and accept contributions from hearing persons as well as deaf-mutes, and it is hoped that no class of people will omit to do its share in this matter.

THEO. A. FROELICH,
Chairman G. C. M. F.

Pennsylvania Jottings.

Miss Dora I. Seal, of Beaver Springs, Pa., while stopping with relatives for two weeks, in Millersburg, Pa., met her old schoolmate, George B. Bowers. She is a very charming lady.

Miss Maria Matter, of Lykens, Pa., has left Reading, Pa., for the former place, where she is tailoring, and making good wages.

Mr. William H. Lawley's friends here would like to know how he is getting along.

It is reported that Mr. Perry Martin caught a hundred tortoises under the leaves in the woods, and keeps them in his cellar. He is a kind-hearted gentleman.

George B. Bowers, of Millersburg, Pa., went to pay a short visit to his beloved sister in Harrisburg, last December. While there he visited the jail, and saw a deaf-mute in one of the cells by the name of Hezekiah Mumford. He was found robbing goods in Roger's store some months ago, and was arrested and sentenced for eleven months. He said he was once a pupil at the North Carolina Institution for three years.

Mr. Henry Umboltz, a semi-mute of Millersburg, Pa., has died of a lingering illness. He leaves a wife and two

girls. He was a great friend of Geo. B. Bowers.

Mr. Perry Martin recently went to see a deaf-mute, named Dressler, living in Oriental, Juniata Co., Pa.

Every body says the *JOURNAL* is a very interesting paper.

DEAF-MUTE.

IN MEMORIAM.

At the meeting of the deaf-mutes, residing in New Haven and vicinity, held at Leverett G. Leek's residence, 322 George Street, Sunday afternoon, February 3d, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions have been unanimously adopted, viz:

WITNESSES. Almighty and All-wise God has removed from our society Almira Beecher; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it be a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting her removal from our midst, we mourn the loss of one, who has taken great interest in the welfare of the silent people.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things meant in mercy.

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy and sorrow of our society be extended to the family of our departed friend in their affliction.

Resolved, That a copy hereof be transmitted to the family of our deceased friend, and to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

L. G. LECK,
LOUIS ROBER,
R. N. PARSONS,
Com. on Resolutions
of sympathy.

New Jersey.

Mrs. Peter Housell visited her daughter Minnie, at the New Jersey Institution, last week.

Miss Mary R. McEntee, a graduate of the Fordham school, visited Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ward a few weeks ago. They were very glad to see her after a long time.

Mr. William Pierson has returned to his old place at Titus' bakery, as he could not get a better situation.

W. Cotter is working in a stone quarry with his father. He is running a stationary engine.

Miss Eleanor Bousfield visited Mrs. Housell a few days ago, and had a pleasant time.

R. T. Bailey passed through our city a few days ago, in a stylish sleigh. Much credit is due to Mr. George W. H. VanNess, for bringing so many deaf-mutes to the service last Sunday.

The deaf-mutes of Newark and its vicinity, want Mr. John Bennett to preach to them every Sunday.

Miss Monica Schwan often visits her friend, Mary Somers, and chats about their school days.

Mr. C. DeLory, of Riegelsville, N. J., will be in Newark on the 20th of this month. We all will be very glad to see him, as he has many friends. We would also be glad to have R. T. Heller to come among us.

There is much talk of a grand sleighing party among the deaf-mutes of Newark and vicinity, to be held soon. We hope they will have a good time, as there is splendid sleighing here.

Mr. Thomas Stewart is soon to become a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Miss Jennie Williams is employed in a large corset manufactory, and is boarding with her sister, Mrs. Pole.

Miss Frederika Bucher visited Miss Carrie Melesbach a week ago, and had a pleasant time.

Miss Josephine VanPelt is employed as a servant with a wealthy lady in this city.

Mr. Daniel Ward is a foreman in a large forming mill, and is doing very well.

Mr. R. T. Bailey is employed as a book keeper at the city Hall in this city.

Miss Helen E. Housell often visits Miss Minnie Blaurock, and chats about their school days.

Miss Katy Gallagher is employed by Mrs. Kate Johnson as a seamstress at Northfield, N. J. She has been there about seven years.

Miss Charlotte Conklin returned home last Friday, from her visit in New York.

Miss Minnie Blaurock called on the Misses Finn last Sunday, and there met Miss C. Conklin.

There is a man travelling about Broad Street, Newark, with a tin sign and a string around his neck. On it says—"I am a deaf-mute." It is a disgrace to us "deaf-mutes" of this city.

Frank Lenox has two white pet rats. He is showing them to many of his friends. He says he has a tame owl.

R. F. Bailey met W. S. Ersinger on Broad Street, the other day, and had a social chat.

A leap year party will be held by the mute ladies of Newark, some time this month. Gents, if you have a proposed, beware, or the ladies will be after you.

One of the best and most graceful gign-makers in Newark, is Mary. R. McEntee.

Waltron Halsey works for the Domestic Sewing Machine Co., and is doing very well. He attends the deaf-mute services regularly.

Grace Mills visited Miss Lizzie Crane one day last week, and they had a good time.

Mr. Alfred and Miss Eleanor Bousfield were seen on the corner of Broad and Market streets one day last week. Miss Bousfield is employed by a wealthy lady in Newark as a seamstress, and likes her position very well.

G. H. W. Van Ness came near meeting with an accident last week, as he was walking along Norfolk street. A party of boys who were coasting on a bob-sled ran into him, and knocked him down into a water hole. He got up and took it as a good joke. George, you must be careful after this.

Ex-Supervisor, Howard Goodis, of the New York Institution, was seen in Newark a few days ago. He says he

is out of work and is looking for a good situation.

As Frank Lenox was walking along Scotland street, he stopped to look at two young men wrestling, and fell on the slippery side walk, all in heap, with a few scratches on his hands. Be careful, Frank.

Many deaf-mutes of Newark and its vicinity will visit the New York Institution on the 22d of February.

Mr. Craft, of this city, is a cabinet-maker, and has steady work. He has been employed at one place for a number of years, as he is a good mechanic.

Misses Augusta Hahn and Rosa Borse-neck are seldom seen among the deaf-mutes of our city. Miss Hahn is a housekeeper for her sister, at West St. The deaf-mutes would be pleased to have them attend the Deaf-Mutes Service.

There is an uneducated deaf and dumb lady living at Norfolk St., in our city. She never went to any school. She is about twenty-five years old. She is seldom seen out of doors by any one. Her parents never would let her go to school. Her mother died last year. Now she is living with her father. It is a pity such a bright lady should be uneducated.

John Reilly works in a button factory in our city. He is a very good workman, and has steady work. He is a great friend of George H. W. VanNess.

Mr. James Noe is a tailor, and always has steady work. He has worked in one place for a number of years. He has an intelligent wife. They have a residence of their own on Emmet street, this city.

Miss Mary Lynch, a graduate of the Fordham School, was seen in a Bloomfield horse car not long ago, talking to another young lady. Mary works at trimming hats, and supports her mother. She lives in Bloomfield, New Jersey.

There are three deaf-mutes in South Orange, New Jersey. The writer will soon be there to find whom they are.

There is much talk of forming a society in Newark some time this year, as there are a number of deaf-mutes here. It would be of much benefit to the mutes if they would do so. All other cities have a society. Why should not Newark have one? If there was less talk, and they would go ahead with it, it would be much better. This city has more mutes than any city of its size. Would like some intelligent mutes to come forward and start a society.

Newark had a society in 1874, but it failed by bad management; the grand Charity, Levee they had doomed its existence ten years ago last month. Do not let ten years go by again without having a society. Who will come forward and act as leader. Do not speak all at once. I know thirty-four mutes who will join if it is started, which would be a good beginning.

Miss Frederika Bucher and Helen Housell were seen, last Sunday, on the Orange horse-car going toward Orange.

Miss Mary Ann Finn visited Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett a few days ago. They were very glad to see her.

Miss Sarah Finn visited Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ward last Sunday afternoon, and was very much pleased with her visit.

Miss Mary L. Bennett, Emma Caldwell, Mrs. Craft and Emma Caldwell, were seen at the deaf mutes service last Sunday.

Eros.

A "Mute" Surprise Party.

Fourteen couples of young people, deaf-mutes, left Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, to pay a surprise visit to their friend, Miss Retta T. Levering, daughter of Mr. John H. Levering, Surveyor of this District, at her parents' residence, No. 199 Green lane. The affair had been kept a "dead secret" from Miss Retta and her parents, and only Miss Annie had gained a hint of what was contemplated from a Miss Smith, a resident of Hamburg, Pa., who has been staying with the family.

But "mute" as they were, a merrier party never got together, and it was just delightful to notice how polite and agreeable and full of fun they were,—those eloquent fingers seeming to touch off a magazine of explosive mirth with every motion. All sorts of games were indulged in, forfeits, spinning the plate, disappointment, and so forth; each member of the party going heartily into everything and contributing a fair quota to the general enjoyment.

Shortly before ten o'clock, a store of elegant refreshments arrived from Mrs. Whitaker's confectionery store, consisting of cream and cake, oranges and bananas, and it was very clear that the unfortunate deprivation to which all were subject did not in the slightest degree interfere with their appetites. Everything was done politely and decently, without the slightest fuss or uproar; and when the repast was over, the thread of the programme was resumed where it had been broken off, so that the pleasure lasted until half-past eleven, when the pleased participants had to leave so as to take the last train for the city. There was no confusion in separating, no noisy farewells on the door-step, but in utter peace and quietness the pleasant company departed, leaving Miss Retta and her parents exceedingly gratified with the whole proceedings.

It is gratifying to be able to state that Mr. W. A. Miles (once a carrier on this paper) and Miss Sadie Greenly had general charge of the arrangements at this end of the line, and that they acquitted themselves to perfection.—*Manayunk, Pa., Chronicle*, January 25.

COLUMBUS.

LEGISLATIVE VISITS

A LECTURE AND A SLEIGHING PARTY.

Various Notes.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The absorbing interest of the week has been the closing work of the committees on class examinations, the showing through and around the Institution of the new trustees recently appointed and confirmed, and the reception of some members of the legislature on Finance for consultation in regard to the urgent needs of our school. Altogether, we think, the results will be such as to give us all great encouragement, much satisfaction and happy realization.

"Jamaica" formed the subject of Prof. Matthew Raffington's lecture in our chapel last Friday evening. He led us back to the time when Columbus discovered the island, the various names it underwent before the last was adopted, the successions of government the island enjoyed or suffered, the life and habits of the people, the wars and changes that took place, the comparison of the beautiful wild scenery with its present appearance since the march of civilization into that little round of Nature, and told us his hopes and fears as to its future weal. We all sat for an hour and a half, feasting our eyes upon the easy and graceful flow of sign language with which he handled his interesting and instructive discourse. A perfect storm of applause followed its conclusion.

The finance committee of the House visited the Institute for Deaf and Dumb yesterday afternoon, to look into the needs of that institution and hear a statement from the officials about the amount of money that would be needed for the coming year. Messrs. Scott, Thompson and Hare, members of the board of trustees, were present to assist the committee in gaining information. There are some repairs which are quite necessary about the institution, and it is thought that the committee is thoroughly convinced that what has been asked for should be granted.—*Columbus Journal*.

Colonel Sam Thompson has received his commission as trustee of the Deaf and Dumb asylum, for the unexpired term ending April 17, 1884. Our Institution people got up another sleigh party, this time it went four miles out to the new country. In firmity of which our ex-steward Filler father of Miss Blanche F., a teacher here, is Superintendent. A sumptuous supper awaited the surprise party, which they partook of in the most enjoyable manner, rounding it out with happy and lively conversations and an inspection of the building within.

The city papers again figure up Charley Davis, the deaf-mute thief and incendiary in this way: Charles Davis, the deaf-mute, was arrested Wednesday afternoon by Officers Wilcox and Heyel. He is charged with stealing a box of fine cigars, marked "Golden Days," and also with selling the same without license. It is thought that a case has at last been secured against young Davis that will remove him from the city and place him in the House of Correction.

LATER—Charles Davis, the deaf-mute boy who was arrested for selling cigars without a license, will have a hearing before United States Commissioner Guerin.

The Columbus *Times* bursted the other day, and it landed John Leib into the village of Worthington, Ohio, where he staid on a visit for a few days. John says he expects to resume work at his old place, as soon as matters are settled and repaired under a new corporation.

Dr. James Scott, who was at this Institution last week in his capacity as trustee, was noticed in the *Journal* of this city as follows: Dr. Scott, of Lebanon, the most prominent figure in the history of Ohio legislation, was warmly greeted by old friends and associates in the House and Senate yesterday.

Saturday last was ground hog day here. At first we thought we saw one animal, but it proved to be one of our boys on the point of raising himself up from an horizontal position, the result of a sudden slip-down.

Mrs. Albert Wakefield, the wife of our Steward's deceased brother, took her final departure for Buffalo, N. Y., last Thursday. The amiable old lady will be missed by a host of friends here.

We often to hear from our friends of the Pacific Slope—the Perrys.

This time we regret to hear of the increasingly enfeebled condition of Father Perry, who has not a great many days to add to his life on earth.

No. 5 of Ohio's deaf-mutes in the base-ball field is Robert Kiug. The numerical order now stands, Dundon, 1st, Rynn, 2d, Himmelpaugh, 3d, Patton, 4th, and King, 5th. The latter, with Rynn, has joined the club at Portsmouth.

The *Sunday News* says that Mrs. M. M. Coggeshall (the mother of the late Miss Hattie Coggeshall, a teacher here), has just been sworn in for her second term as postmistress of Westerville, O. Mrs. Coggeshall has many warm friends in Columbus.

The result of the class examinations shows that the boys carried a majority of the classes for the first grades, with the girls close behind them.

It is said that Miss Annie Theiss, of

the book-binding, goes home, this week, to her mother's, in Wheeling, West Va.

Mrs. Buckland, who has been away several weeks an account of her health, is expected back the present week, to resume her place as assistant matron.

Inquiry is making whereabouts, when President Gallaudet, of the Washington College, is to come, if at all.

Master Balton, mentioned in our last, came from Fostoria, O., instead of the Iowa school.

We regret to note the illness of Mrs. Maria P. Wakefield, the wife of our Institution steward.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lieb have returned from a visit of two weeks out in the country, the home of the young madame. Their out-door-exercises were on runners and wheels alternately. At other times, Mr. Lieb went hunting, and took in a good many rabbits and a few squirrels.

Spring-like weather has just commenced, and kept steady since last Thursday.

A bill has been introduced in the Lower House, making the theft or purloining of even the sum of five dollars a penitentiary offence.

Dundon, who is working at the State Bindery, will give up his job and go into active training with the other boys at Turner Hall. He will be in good form next summer, and will make some of the clubs sick before they are through with him.—*Sunday News*.

Our house fountain keeps up the cheerful looks of the B. floor center with thirteen earthen pots of tall plants upon the inside shelving and in the water.

The temporary bridge over the Scioto River on Broad street, put up at an expense of eight hundred dollars and to be used until the new iron structure should be finished, was swept away by a rise in the waters last week.

Travel on our street railway has not been impeded by the heavy snow of this winter. An item of two thousand dollars extra in the company books prevented the trouble.

Another lecture is forthcoming in our chapel on Monday of next week. A gentleman from the city will give one which will be interpreted by the superintendent.

The nearest church to our Institution is the Methodist Church, situated on Washington avenue, between Broad and Oak streets. A number of our pupils will obtain permission to attend in the evening, and Prof. Haskins interprets the sermon for their benefit.

The teachers' meeting held in the library on Monday evening of last week, was of an interesting character. Agreeable to previous notice, Rev. Mr. Talbot, occupied the first half hour. He discussed the science of sign-making, was in favor of giving a sign to every word upon the principle of propriety, cause and reason, rather than because of its handed down usage. The rest of the hour was consumed in thoughts upon the same subject, expressed by some of the other members. The next meeting, to be composed of the teachers, on "A" floor, was announced to place on Monday following.

Miss Kate Miller, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Atwood for several months, left Thursday noon for her home in Thompsonville, Conn. She expects to stop in New York City on her way, and visit her friends. She made many friends during her stay here. We trust we shall have the pleasure of meeting her again some time.—*Vis-a-Vis*.

NUMBER SEVENTY-FOUR.

Chicago Club Matters.

Mr. E. D. Hunter, President of the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club, is visiting Dakota. We all wish him a safe return.

Five members of the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club wear plug hats.

The Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club is about to have a sleigh-ride party. A jolly time is anticipated.

The Pas-a-Pas Club recently held a business meeting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. McWilliam, with John Heinlein, Vice-President, in the chair.

Five ex-students of the Deaf-Mute College are members of the Pas-a-Pas Club: Messrs. George T. Dougherty, Harry and Charles Reed, C. C. Codman and George Keller. The Circle has only one. Mr. Lars Larson, would unhesitatingly join the Pas-a-Pas, only if he was not so unfortunate as to be so badly under the thumb of Prof. Emery.

Saturday evening, January 26th, the Mute Circle gave a pound party. The most attractive features of the evening, was a huge keg of beer. Several friends of the Pas-a-Pas happened to be present, and were astonished to see how freely beer was swallowed.

More Encouragement for the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

Maine is the first State on the map. She is in the backwoods, but many of her people are enlightened, and their feelings for benevolent purposes are not as cold as their country is bleak.

We are now doing a good deal in showing our gratitude to the founder of the deaf-mute language, by raising a bronze statue to the memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the memory of whose name flows from the depth of the hearts of the mutes who are acquainted with his life work.

Not long since, Mr. John Emerson, of Howland, Me., sent the Treasurer, Mr. Wm. H. Weeks, twenty dollars, for the erection of a bronze statue on Kendall Green. Mr. Hiram P. Hunt also sent a note for twenty dollars at six per cent, to the Treasurer of the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

These two deaf-mutes supersede all other deaf-mutes in the amount of

their contributions. Next comes Mr. Edmund Booth, of Anamosa, Ia., who has sent a check for \$10 to Mr. Weeks. He heartily agrees with the Gallaudet Centennial project, and hopes that Kendall Green will be honored with a full sized bronze statue of the founder of deaf-mute education in America.

Mr. W. J. Nelson, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sends his mite of one dollar to the Treasurer, and congratulates him upon his appointment.

Mr. W. H. Weeks is now happy to report that the amount now in the savings bank is \$34.25, and a note for \$20, amounting in all to \$54.25.

Will the different organizations please report to Wm. H. Weeks, 22 Atwood Street, Hartford, Ct., the progress of the funds?

TRENTON INSTITUTION.

For the past two weeks, sleighing, coasting and skating, have been at the zenith of their glory, the last two amusements being much indulged in by the pupils, who, as soon as freed from their school room and other duties, have resorted to these delightful winter recreations with an enthusiasm and vivacity seldom displayed.

A few falls, sustained by the girls in their first efforts to skate, for a time kept them aloof from the ice, and made them averse to repeating the experiment, but a little teasing, and an inward desire to vie with their graceful companion skaters, was sufficient to induce them to venture a second time, and now many of them are becoming quite expert in that enchanting art.

An intense excitement was perceptible in the faces of the boys and girls Saturday morning, when Prof. Jenkins announced that a social reunion would be held in the evening, although many endeavored to suppress the feelings of delight too plainly depicted on their countenances, in anticipation of the happy event, but with slight effect.

